

# The Cry of Blood :

## OR, THE

# Horrid Sin of Murther

## DISPLAY'D.

In the true Relation of three several *Murthers* Committed within the compafs of one Week, viz. of Capt. *Campbell* on the 4th. Mr. — a *Beadle* in the *Strand*, on the 6th. And of Mr. *Baker*, commonly call'd Capt. *Baker*, on the 7th of this instant *Aprill*, 1692. With a particular Account of the Circumstances of each Tragical Accident.

14. April. 1692.

**N**OT to trouble the Reader with a Long Preface (which would be as preposterous as to make a very Large Door to a Little House), it is readily confest on all Hands, That amongst all the Sins which corrupt humane Nature is ready to commit, there is none has so deep a Tincture of Guilt as *Murder*: And the Providence of God has not Exerted it self more powerfully in any thing, than in the frequent and unexpected Discovery of *Murders*, when the Actors of that horrid Crime have thought themselves most secure; yet though several *Murders* of late, are not as yet, and perhaps never will be Discovered, undoubtedly the Persons who committed them, find a *Hell* in their own Minds, the *Stings of Conscience* being equally as terrible as the Looks of an Executioner. But leaving such Bloody Wretches to the Torments of their own Thoughts, it may justly be our Wonder and Surprize, that in a Kingdom Govern'd by such Good Laws, and in a City Remarkable all over the World, for its Civility and good Discipline, *Murders* should yet be so frequent. But *Passion*, *Humour*, *Interest*, and False Notions of Honour, having blinded the Judgment, no wonder Men run head-long into Ruine and Destruction. The Truth of which take in these Three following Relations.

There are Two very Current, and confidently reported Stories of the Occasion of the Death of the Unfortunate Capt. *Campbell*; One is, That diverting himself on Saturday, the Second of this Month, at the Tennis-court, Mr. *Thornicraft*, a Gentleman, late of the *Cursitors Office* in *Chancery-Lane*, came in as a Spectator, being very Richly habited (as he always drest out of the common Rode), and in observing the Play, Capt. *Campbell*, more than Once or Twice, call'd him, *My Lord* (supposing him no less), which Mr. *Thornicraft* Resenting as an Affront, told him, *That he might as well call him Squire; for he was no Lord, nor did he pretend to be any.* But Capt. *Campbell*, whether Designedly, or through Inadvertency, several times after call'd him; *My Lord*, which provoked him so far, that he struck the Captain with his Cane; upon which Swords were drawn on both sides, but parted by the Company, a Challenge followed, and in the Duel, on Monday Morning, the Captain was unhappily Killed. Others again relate it thus, and it seems much more probable, That Mr. *Thornicraft* Drinking with Capt. *Campbell*, and several other Gentlemen, at a Tavern at *Charing-Cross*, when the Reckoning was called for, each Gentleman throwing down his Clubb, there happened to be a Brass Shilling in the Sum, which was returned; Each Gentleman in the Company flatly denied it to be his, till at last Capt. *Campbell* fixt it very peremptorily upon Mr. *Thornicraft*; which he Resenting as a very great Affront, that he should be thought to put off Brass-Money, Challenged the Captain, Fought him, and Killed him.

Whatever the Provocation was, certain it is, That on *Monday*, the 4th of this Month, they met at the *Duke of Ormond's Head* in the *Hay-Market*, where they drank a Pint of *Young-Flock*, and eat a Dish of *Soup* together, which while they were doing, a third Person, *Capt. Campbell's Friend* came in; but after a little time they took Coach, and drove to *Hide-Park-Corner*, and there alighted. As they walked along the Park (the *Captain* having before assured *Mr. Thornicraft*, that his Friend was not designed as his Second), this third Person endeavoured, to moderate the Matter, and that he would expend a Round Sum of Money, rather than either of them should hazard their Lives about a *Brass-Shilling*, but *Mr. Thornicraft* was deaf to all the Gentleman could say, swearing, *He would not be pist upon for a Coward, but fight he would*. To a convenient Place they came, both Drew, and after Two or Three Passes, the *Captain* dropt; and *Mr. Thornicraft* asking the Gentleman, *Whether he would with his Sword revenge his Deceased Friend's Blood?* Which he declining, *Mr. Thornicraft*, with all speed possible, leapt over the Pales, and is supposed to be gone directly for *Flanders*.

The Second Murther, which had not so much Gallantry in it, was thus: *Lieutenant VV* — by a Gentleman belonging to Their Majesties Fleet, with two other Gentlemen, having dispos'd the day to Mirth, met at the *Greyhound* in the Strand, on *Wednesday* the 6th of this Month, where they Dined Plentifully and Drank very Liberally; after Dinner *Mr. L* — d, their Landlord, would needs Present them with his Bottle, which they would not Accept of unless they might Drink it in a Coach; the Motion was agreed to, and Coach call'd, into which they all Entred, and Drank briskly about; but the Coach-man being a little Impertinent and Sawcy, about their Stay, *Lieutenant VV* — b leaps out of the Coach, and to Chastise the Fellows Insolence gives him a Cut or two upon the Head with his Sword, which occasion'd a great Tumult in the Street; to Appease which Disorder, the Beadle of the Dutch Liberty came, endeavouring to Quiet the Disorder Receiv'd a Thrust quite through the Body, of which he Instantly Dyed; the Lieutenant and his two Friends were carried before a Justice of Peace, who Committed them to Newgate, where they are to Remain till next Sessions.

The Third Murther was Committed the very next day, being *Thursday*, the 7th of this Instant April; the Manner take as followeth. One *Mr. Baker*, by some called *Captain Baker*, by others *Bully Baker*, having past through a variety of Good and Bad Fortunes, had the Luck about four Years since, to Marry a Widow of a very good Estate, with whom he Lived in Love and Decency; but it seems the Lady having Disoblied several of her Relations by this (as they thought scandalous) Match: About a Year since some Law Suits began to Commence, which were Prosecuted with that Violence, that *Mr. Baker* was forced to Abscond and Live Incognito. His last Lodgings being in *Channel-row*, *Westminster*; he having the day above mentioned been Drinking pretty hard with a Gentleman, his Son in Law; about seven in the Evening they Landed at *White-Hall Stairs*; at which very instant of Time, a Gentleman and two Ladies Landed; and in going along *Mr. Baker* made Love in a very Rude manner to one of them; the Gentleman, their Friend, desiring him to forbear; but he still persisting in his Tomper, Swearing he would have her from him; the Gentleman Drew, and oblig'd *Mr. Baker* to do the like, which he did; and though he understood a Sword very well, yet his Head not being in right order, after two or three Passes, he was run through the Breast, of which Wound he Immediately Dyed; the Gentleman who Kill'd him, making his Escape. His Body was Remov'd to the Suters by the Horse-Guard, and his Son in Law detained that Night in the Porter's Lodge, he being supposed to have done the Murther; but next Morning the Coroner sitting upon the Body, and the Gentleman Examined of his Knowledge of the Matter, he gave some Imperfect Account of a Quarrel between his Father in Law and a Gentleman; and it being proved he had too much Liquor about him at that time to be Guilty of any Malice, he was Discharged.

Upon the whole, How reasonable is that Prayer in the Church Litaney, *From Battle, Marther, and Sudden Death, God Lord Deliver us.*